New Bedford February 1. 1837.

My dear Anne

I thought I would wait to hear from you, before I wrote directing to Groton, & your letter to-night shows me my wisdom. I am glad you did not go now, for I think it would have been too much for you, after all the fatigues of the meetings. I have been expecting to hear every night since saturday. The Liberator did not come till last night, it seemed really like a letter. I pricked great pride out of the stable. I saw an allusion in Mr Parks speech in the Legislature to a stable-loft, but I thought—it was only a piece of spite in him, I had no idea that it was literally the case. My suffering, has been intolerable during the last week. I always thought the story of the Two Foscari rather unnatural, but upon my word I begin to think it exact to life. I am almost ready to do any thing for the sake of getting home. I felt so shockingly thursday night, for I knew in reason that there was a posse of brethren at Chaning's. When Wendell Phillips left, I burst into tears, speaking metaphorically / not from grief at his departure, but from desire to go with him. Thursday night I took tea at aunt Sally's, where she gave me pie & every thing good. Friday Mr Bent was sick with a bad cold & had the Doctor. Saturday I had a bad headache all day & I could not help attributing it to aunt Sally's pie. Mr Bents free labour sugar having failed, so that I am accustomed to take nothing

sweet. Sunday I was better heard Charles in the morning & Mr Roberts in the afternoon. Mrs Roberts hearing said so much to me about coming. The sermon was upon the end of the world, which he thinks will be very soon, before the millenium. Mrs Roberts told me she was going to call. I called at Charlottes & found her very weak. I am afraid she will live but a very short time. She looks dreadfully, has that deathly look, which you only see when a person is far gone. Her mind seems as energetic as ever, though her body is very weak. In the evening I heard Mr Crandall deliver a temperance lecture, which was very good. Going strait at intemperance with the same energy that he does at slavery. It was much admired & I hope will do good. It was in the Holmes new church to a great audience. He gave it to those who say "let the Gospel do the work", famously. "Away with such blustering bypressy" was the first blow he struck at it. Monday night we all received an invite to William Rodmans, I thought the anti-slavery prayer meeting would be held & concluded not to go, but on enquiring I found it was postponed to next monday, when it will be held in Mr Crandalls church. So to the party I went. It was given in honour of a Miss Elliott from the District of Columbia, sister of him who said "that Mr W. L. Garrison". She is a pretty little thing, but a dreadful fool. In proof of which, I will give an instance. I hear she said that last week she was in Boston & walking in Washington St she met nobody but ladies, ladies, but at last a gentleman came in sight & it was really refreshing to meet a pair of pantaloons. All New Bedford is ringing with this. The party was like all that are given here, only there was considerable dancing. The supper table was laid out beautifully. It is something new to set tables here. I talked with William Rodman some & what do you think upon? why temperance. He heard the

his face

lecture sunday evening & liked it very much, said he had not tasten a glass of wine this year. He is something like Ben but smarter. I beg in to have great doubts about going to such frolics any more. I dont get any thing to eat; & that I have discovered was their greatest pleasure. If I am going to do any thing, let me go to the theatre. O more my, or rather dears white muslin. Tuesday night I went to the Lyceum & heard Mr Holmes lecture upon Protestantism & Catholicism. It was very witty & clever, but you know what he would say. On the abolition question he said that he was safely moored in Colonization Bay. He did not come out against the abolitionists as he was expected to. The Liberator came & I had such a good time reading it as is impossible to describe. I had the most shocking dream about dear Ben that night & I was so much overwhelmed by it as if it had all been reality. I dreamed I went to his [illegible] & stood by his coffin, though I never got sight of his face I have the most distinct impression of crying & sobbing that I was [illegible] from out. It made me feel very bad all day. To night I went up to Nathans to get some free baboon candy, if he had any & to enquire about the meeting, for the society here, sent him & Old Andrew Robeson as delegates. I had a real frolic with him & he said that both & he & Mr Robeson thought it was the best meeting they ever attended. Mr Bent thinks Nathan takes great airs upon himself, for he & his wife went in a carriage. I then called at Aunt Sally's, who when she found I could not stay to tea. Gave me two pecies of cake & a large paper of raisins & nuts to bring home in my bag. As for the female society here there is nothing to make it of. Last saturday there was a kind of a meeting not a regular one however, & I was too sick to go. There it was decided by two or three members that the clause in the constitution which said that any one can join by paying 50 cents &c — should be altered.

that no one should join till the society had approved. This perhaps would meet with Dr Channing's approbation. Next saturday they are to meet at Susan Sabers & I shall oppose it. The reason they give is that a woman of bad character has joined, & they want no such person among them. Charlotte does great harm among them I think, for weak as she is, she is very fromching. Whether I come in the cars now must depend upon the state of the roads, if there is ice on the track there is great danger of their running off.

Mss. A. 9.2.9, 12

Debora Weston

Feb 1st 1837

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